THE CANTICLES, OR SONG OF SOLOMON, Reduced into a Decasyllable: *Together*, with the Song of MOSES *In Meeter*.

By R. K.

Printed in the yeare 1662.

To the Right Honourable, and my ever most Honoured Lady, the Lady *DIANA* Countesse of HOLLAND.

AS Providence, Right Honourable, made you Inheretrix of so Princelike a Mansion, as few of your Sex have ever been superior therein; so are you hardly to be paralell'd in those more estimable possessions treasur'd up in your mind, being as well familiar with other Tougues, as the owning Orator of that harmonious *Lutetian* Language, inth e voluble, and elegant pronuntiation whereof so to be admired, and in all other gifts and endowments both of body and mind so transcendent, as if *Urania* seem'd onely in your person and presence to erect a second Parnassus for her learned sisters. But amongst your Honours matchlesse vertues, that of your Modesty, together with my owne insufficiency, would disallow the expatiating in a Panegyricall addresse; I shall therefore decline further prayses, which not to seeme flatteries where you are not knowne, would doubtlesse be thought detractions where you are. An obligation (most Honour'd Madam) under which a great and undeserved favour from your honour, having brought mee long since, (not only after my septennian travels, and returne into the Land of my nativity) in then admitting mee a servant in your most Noble Family and

House of Kinsington, but also commending mee afterward as Secretary to King *James* (of Famous Memory) his Embassadour. And therefore being ignorant how I might give testimony of my bounden duty, I took upon mee the boldnesse to devote these few lines, onely to manifest I had a desire (though unable) to make expressions of a due engagement, and so be delivered of that most pregnant conception of my devoted service; not doubting but as the Persian Monarch kindly accepted the poore mans handfull of water, so your Honour will likewise admit this mite into the treasury of your Noble acceptation. As it hath pleased our Gracious God to give you patience (that precious and powerfull Panoplie) in all troubles, not onely in the most injurious deprivation of goods and lands, but also in the Martyrdome of the neareſt relation: so that there may be, as with holy *Job*, a double restitution; as also that all the blessings on mount Gerizim in this life, and in the next all the blessings that Christ preached onthe Mount, may be multiplyed in your Honourable Person and Posterity, shall be the daily prayers of

Your Honours most humbly

devoted servant

R. K.

To the Reader.

IF any wonder at my presumption in publishing these lines, especially at such a time wherein so many learn'd productiõs are set forth, and so little regarded: I wish them to understand that I was induced hereunto by some, not of the meanest Quality, either for Vertue or Learning: and though for many late yeares we have heard the voyce as of Haddadrimmon *in the vallye of* Megiddo, *nothing but Lamentation and mourning in our Streets, we now (blessed be God) have cause to celebrate our deliverance in Songs of thanksgiving. Wherefore I have reduc'd into this Form of a Decasyllable, the Song of* Solomon: *The Subject as it proceeds from* Royall *(rather Divine) Authority, so is it no less Musicall, and therefore were it overmuch Boldness in me to deviate from the text: Wherefore so near as I could, I confind my self to the words themselves, as by a Comparative Perusall will appear. Else happily the Verse (as more delightfull to Curiosity) might have been invested in some Richer habit, and so Marched out in a more Poeticall Posture then now it seemeth to do. How any shall value the ensuing Lines I am Ignorant, though my Conscience beares me witness in these weak Endeavours, my only Aime was at Gods Glory, for that not seldome a verse moves such Delight and Attention as otherwise were not so easily obtain'd in the opinion of*

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The Song of *SOLOMON.*

Argument. Chap. 1.

The Church to Christ makes most sincere expression
Of her true love: and by her owne confeßion
She is deform'd, yet prays she may be sent
Amongst the flocks unto the shepheards tent;
He condescends (O gratious declaration)
And so there's made a joynt congratulation.

Vers:
1 N holy Cantick paralell'd by none,
A Song of Songs, the Song of Solomon;
2 The sacred Kisses of his mouth kiss mine,
Thy love doth much exceed the sweetest wine:
There's hope of concord (Diapason sweet)
When spouse her Husband doth so kindly greet.
3 The fragant savour of thine Oyntments prove thee
Effus'd, and therefore do the Virgins love thee.
4 O draw mee (sure thy hests we will not shun)
We will make hast and after thee will run.

A Gratious King most lovingly hath sought me,
Who hath into his royall chambers brought me.
We will be glad and all rejoyce in thee,
Thy love's more precious then the Wine to me.
From thee the upright never will depart,
But most entirely love thee in their heart.
5 I do indeed confess that black I am
(O all you daughters of Jerusalem)
Like tents of Kedar though a comely one,
Or like the Curtaines of King Solomon.
6 O look not one me, for if black I be,
The Sun hath blemish't, and defaced me:
There's none but will with me condole my woes,
To think that brethren should become my foes;
They only made me keeper of the Vine,
But careless and remiss I kept not mine.
7 Thou whom my soul doth love, O let me tast,
And know where thou art pleas'd to take repast:
Conceale it not, I pray, to mee disclose
Where all thy tender Flocks at noon repose:
For why should I be one that turnes aside,
Or goes astray? Come, come, be thou my guide.
8 O thou of women fairest, wouldst thou know?
Then trace my flocks, and by their foot-steps go;
And let thy tender Kids take nutriment
With neare approaches to the shepherds tent.
9 I did thee often, O my love, compare
To horses that in *Pharaohs* chariots are.
10 Rich jewels set in rowes thy cheeks do grace:
Chaines of the purest gold thy neck embrace.

11 To the Rich Golden Borders for content
Weel make with Silver Studs for Ornament.
12 While that my royall King receives refection
I feast one sence with Spicknards sweet confection;
13 A bundle of sweet Myrrh my well-beloved
Is unto me, and so of me approved.
O may it be well pleasing in his sighe
Between my Breasts to lodge and lye at night.
14 He as a Cypress cluster is to me
Among the fertill vines of Engedie.
15 Behold, behold how fair thou art my Love,
Thine eyes are like th' eyes of the comely Dove.
16 Behold, Beloved thou art pleasing fair,
Our bed is also green, my Dove, my Deare.
17 The Beams are Cedar which our house support,
Our Rafters Firr: so do they well consort.

Argument. Chap. 2.

The mutuall love of Christ, and Church we hear,
The hope and her vocation doth appear;
Christs tender care of her, and her profession,
The Church her hope, and of her faiths Confession.

Vers. 1 I am the Rose of Sharons fertile field,
The fairest Lillie that the vallies yeeld:
2 Even as the Lillie that with thornes doth grow
Amongst the daughters, so my Love we know.
3 Amongst the Brambles, as the Apple-Tree,
Amongst the sonnes so is my Dear to mee.

'Twas my delight and best my Joyes did sit;
When underneath his shaddow I did sit:
There to repose I made no little hast:
His fruit was sweet and pleasing to my tast.

4 He brought me to the wine, and for mine ho-
Did over me display his loving Banner. (nour

5 Stay me with flaggons, apples comfort me;
For I am sick, sick of loves maladie.

6 Under my head he doth his left hand place,
And with his right he kindly doth embrace.

7 I do adjure you of *Jerusalem*
Even by the Roes and Hindes, and all of them,
You do not stir, nor once my love dis-ease,
Nor yet presume t'awake him till he please.

8 O leap for Joy, and chearfully rejoyce,
For surely 'tis my well-Beloved's voice.
Behold, he comes leaping upon the mountaines
Skipping the hills, above the liquid fountaines.

9 If my Belov'd I can directly know
He's like the Hart, or like the nimble Roe:
Behold, behind our wall he takes his Station,
And through the window makes his Speculation:
O how these sacred Glympes my Soul do nourish,
When through the Latteſs I behold him flourish.

10 My Dear-Beloved spake, and thus did say,
Rise up my Love, my Fair-One, come away.

11 For loe the thunder clapping stormes at last
Do cease, the Raine is over, Winter past. (flowers;

12 The Earth's adorn'd with sweet and fragrant
The Birds make Musick in their wooden Towers:

Rejoyce

Rejoyce and ſing your comfort's now at hand,
The Turtles Voice is heard within our Land. (green,
13 The Fig-Tree ſhew's her fruit though it be
The Vines ſweet ſmelling tender grapes are ſeen;
(His joyfull ſacred Voice brooks no delay)
Ariſe my love, my faire one, come away.
14 My Dove! that art within the ſecret place
Of Rocks, and Staires, let me behold thy face:
Thy ſweet melodious voice O let me hear,
Voice ſweet, and count'nance comly both appear.
15 The great and little Foxes ſee you take,
For in our Vines and Grapes they havock make.
16 My well-Belov'd is mine, mine wholly is,
I in like manner totally am his:
17 Amongſt the faireſt Lillies feedeth hee,
Till Sun diſpell the Clouds, till Shadows flee.
Return belov'd, like ſome young Hart or Roe,
Which do upon the Mount of *Bether* go.

Argument: Chap 3.

The Church her fight and Conqueſt in temptation;
Her Glory and Triumphant Oſtentation.

Verſ: 1 In bed I ſought him by obſcureſt night
Whom my Soul counts moſt precious in her ſight;
No place ſo ſecret which I had forgot,
Wherein to ſeek him, yet I found him not.
2 No Street, nor place in Citty, but ile prove,
And ſearch and ſeek him whom my Soul doth love,

3 The Watch-men which about the Citty went,
Even they had found me out incontinent:
To whom I said, ô can you learn or prove
Where I may find him whom my Soul doth love.

4 From whom, when I had past a litle space,
I found my Soul's sweet Love, and only Grace:
Fast hold on him I took, (I long had sought him)
I left him not, but to my mother brought him;
Nor yet content untill I did him see
Within her Chamber that conceived me.

5 I do adjure you of *Jerusalem* 2 *Chap.*7
Even by the Roes, the Hindes, and all of them,
You do not stir, nor once my Love diease,
Nor yet presume t'awake him till he please.

6 Who is She now that comes (I pray confess)
Like smoaking Pillars from the Wilderness,
Perfum'd with Odours, Myrrh, and incense brave,
And with all Spices which the Merchants have?

7 Behold the Princely bed of *Solomon*,
A rich one sure, for like it there is none;
Ther's round about it (if you view it well)
Sixtie brave valiant men of *Israel*.

8 They brandish all the Sword: they fear no (Skars,
Couragious all, all expert in the warres
All have their Swords upon their Thighs for fear
Least any Danger should by Night appear.

9 A Pallace was there made by *Solomon*
Of the strong stately Trees of *Lebanon*:
The Pillars Silver, and the Pavement Gold,
The Covering Richest purple that is sold:

The

The midst thereof with love was pav'd for them,
(I mean) the Daughters of *Ierusalem*.
10 Goe forth ye Daughters of Mount *Zion*, see
The King now crown'd in Glorious Majesty:
(O chiefest Joy, & sacred Consolation
To hear of such a matchless Coronation.)

Argument. Chap. 4

The Graces of the Church he makes appear,
With that true Love which he to her doth bear;
She likewise prayes he would vouchafe her sit
In his most Gratious presence for to sit.

Vers. 1 Loe thou art fair, yea fair thou art my Love,
Thine eyes are like th'eyes of the comely Dove:
Those comely haires which grow among thy locks,
In my esteem are like unto the Flocks (glad,)
Of Goats, (th'increase whereof makes th'owners
Such as look down from great Mount *Gilead*.
2 Thy teeth like flocks of Sheep in order grow,
Which purely wash't do from the washing go,
Each one brings twins (so fruitfull is the Stock)
There is not one prov's barren in the flock.
3 Thy Lipps like Scarlet are (thy teeth to fence)
Thy talk's most comely, sweet, thy conference;
And as a peece of a Pomegranat rare
Within thy Locks, even so thy Temples are.
4 Thy neck is strong, 'tis of great force & power,
Made for Defence like *David's* only Tower

A Thousand Shields do hang within the same;
And all the Targets of great men of fame. (appear
5 Thy Breasts like two young Roes (being twins)
Which do themselves among the Lillies chear:
6 Till the day break, and shaddows pass away,
The Mount of Myrrh, and Incense i'le survey.
7 Thou art all fair my Love, in thee's no blot,
Nor is there blemish or deformed spot.
8 O come with me my Spouse, come let's be gon,
Make haste, come quickly from Mount *Lebanon*:
From *Amana* see that thou cast thine eye:
From *Shenir* top, and from Mount *Hermon* high,
From Dens of Lyons, and the Mountains fell,
Where none but cruell spotted Leopards dwell.
9 My Spouse, my Sister, thou hast ravished
Mine Heart, and hast with Love me captive led;
Both with thine Eye, and Chain (my Love my Dear)
Which thou about thy comely neck dost wear.
10 How fair's thy Love (my Spouse & Sister mine,
And how much better is thy Love then Wine!
And all thine Oyntments in their fragrant smell,
The richest Spices of the world excell.
11 Thy Lips like th'hony comb drop constantly,
Under thy Tongue doth milke and hony lie:
The Garments which thou dayly put'st upon
Do smell as sweet as Mount *Lebanon*.
12 My Spouse a spring shut up, or fountain sealed
Doth seem, or like a Garden fast impaled.
13 Thy plants, an Orchard of Pomegranates are,
With Spicknard, Camphire, and what else is rare:

Spick-

14 Spicknard, and Saffron, Calamus, and Myrrh,
Aloes, chief Spices, with the juice of Firr.
15 O Gardens fountain, Well of waters living,
With ſtreames from *Lebanon* true comfort giving.
16 Ariſe O North, and come O South, and blow
On this My Garden, that the ſpice may flow;
Let my Beloved to his Garden haſt,
And of the fruits beſt pleaſing let him taſt.

Argument: Chap. 5.

Chriſt here awakes his Church and her he calls,
She taſt's his Love, and then Love-ſick ſhe falls,
Not fully able yet ſhe interlaces
A brief deſcription of him by his Graces.

Verſ: 1 Loe in my Garden Siſter now am I,
My Myrrh I gather with my Spicery,
On th'hony comb, and hony is my will
To feed; on Wine and Milk to drink my fill:
Be merry friends, 'tis comfort you may think,
When you may feaſt, and may ſo freely drink.
2 Indeed I now do ſleep and ſlumber take,
And yet methinks my troubled ſoul doth wake,
'Tis my Beloved's voice that ſems to knock,
And ſaith, come quickly, quick to me unlock,
My Siſter, Love, my Dove, immaculate,
Make haſt, diſpatch, wide open ſet the gate,
My head is full of dew, which doth diſtill
The humid Drops by night, my locks do fill.

3 I am now naked, for my Coat is gone,
Alass what meanes is there to put it on?
I now am wash't, and now my feet be clean,
Must I pollute, and them defile again?
4 My Love his hand put up into the door,
My Bowells for him all were moved sore.
5 I did arise when as my Love did knock,
With Myrrh perfum'd were Fingers, and the Lock.
6 I then did open, but my Love was one
Withdrew himselfe, and quickly got him gone:
(O Admiration,) when to me he spake,
How sence and motion did my Soul forsake?
I sought him truly, him I could not find,
No answer had I: (Justly I repind.)
7 The watchmen which in Citty walk the round,
They sought me out, to me they gave the wound;
Wall-Keepers struck me, and they did assaile
To take from me mine Honour, and my vaile.
8 I charge you Daughters of *Jerusalem*,
Tell my Belov'd, of Love that sick I am.
9 O Thou fair'st of Women, (tell me if thou can)
Is thy Love fairer then another man?
In thy Belov'd is this thy trust so large
Him to preferr, and us so deeply charge?
10 O! my Belov'd is ruddy, pure, and white,
In whom before ten thousand I delight.
11 His head is like pure gold, and gold that's fine,
His bushy Locks like raven sable shine.
12 His Eyes are like Doves Eyes, by Rivers wet,
With Milk, and wash't, compos'd, and fitly set.

13 His Cheeks like Beds of Spices in our Bowers,
Adorn'd, and grac'd with ſweet perfuming Flowers.
His Lipps like fragrant Lillies dropping ſweet,
Which with ſtrong ſmelling Mirrh do kindly meet.

14 His hands like Ringes of Gold with Berill ſui-
(Hands pure, ſuch hands as never were polluted) (ted
Like Ivory, ſuch is his belly bright,
With Saphyrs pureſt in our humane ſight.

15 Like Marble Pillars, ſuch his leggs I hold,
Set on the Sockets of the pureſt Gold.
Like *Lebanon* his count'nance permanent,
And like the Cedars, ſo moſt excellent.

16 His Mouth is ſweet, yea loving ſure is he,
He only, he's beſt pleaſing unto me.
'Tis my Belov'd, my friend, and his I am,
(O all you Daughters of *Jeruſalem*)

Argument. Chap. 6.

The Church in humble manner makes profeßion,
And of her Faith in Chriſt, a true confeſsion,
He ſhews thet he Graces of his Church (his Dove)
And likewiſe doth aſſure her of his Love.

1 Of Women thou the faireſt, where's that one
I mean, how far is thy Beloved gone,
And whither's thy Belov'd now turn'd aſide,
That we may ſeek him, and with him abide.

2 To Beds of Spices my Belov'd doth go,
To gather Lillies which in Gardens grow.

3 He feeds amongst them, and without repine:
His Love I am, and my Belov'd is mine.
4 As beautifull as Tirza art thou love,
So comely as *Jerusalem* thou'l prove:
Fierce like a Foe with brave undaunted braggs,
And like an Army with displayed Flaggs.
5 O turn, O turn thy piercing eyes from me,
For now they seem to get the victorie.
Thy Hair, and comely Locks which thou dost wear,
Like Flocks of Goats in *Gilead* do appear.
6 Thy teeth like flocks of sheep in order grow *ch.*
Which purely wash't, do from the washing go: 4.2.
Each one bring twins (so fertill is the stock)
That there's not one proves barren in the flock.
7 And as a piece of a Pomegranat rare
Within thy Locks even so thy Temples are.
8 Queens Sixtie, Eightie Concubines there stand,
Virgins in number, which exceed the Sand.
9 My Dove she's one that's pure and unpolluted,
Sole Daughter of her Mother she's reputed:
The Daughters yeeld her blessed Salutations,
The Queens, and Concubines high Commendations.
Who is she, and what count'nance in my sight
Is that which seems like to the morning bright?
Fair as the Moon, so radiant and so clear,
As is that glorious Sol in his careere:
And Like an Armie (cruel in their manners)
Most dreadfull in their practise under Banners.
11 Down to the Garden of the nuts went I,
Fruits in the valley that I might espy,

If Vine did flourish, if the Grapes were good,
Or if Pomegranat yet put forth a Budd.
12 My Soul for flight before I was aware
In Chariots of my Nobles did prepare.
Returne, O *Shulamite*, procrastination
Renounce, on thee let's fix our contemplation,
In this, our *Shulamite*, what can you see?
Even as a furious armed companie.

Argument. Chap. 7.

Her Graces here are Further manifested,
Faith and Desire are likewise here protested.

1 How splendent is th'appearence unto me
Of thy shod feet, O Princely Progenie?
Joynts of thy Thighs like precious Jewells are,
No work of Artists may with them compare.
2 Thy Navell's some round goblett without crack
And such an one as doth no Liquor lack:
An heap of Wheat so white as whitest Lillie,
Even such an one is my Beloved's Bellie.
3 Thy Breasts like to yong Roes being twins appear;
Which do themselves among the Lillies chear. (4.ch.5.
4 Thy Neck is like some Turret mounted high,
Or Tower of the purest Ivorie;
Thine Eyes are full of Glorie and of State,
Like *Heshbons* Pool near to *Bathrabbims* Gate:
Like *Lebanons* fair Tower is thy Nose,
Which on *Damascus* doth a looke dispose.

5 Thine head like Carmel, purple is thine haire:
The Kings bound in thy rafters (O my Deare.)
6 How faire, how pleasant art thou for delight,
My Love? (I am unable to recite.)
7 Thy stature's like the palm, those breastsof thine
Are like the clusters of the sweetest vine,
8 Up to the Palme tree I much speed will make,
And on the boughs thereof fast hold will take:
Like clusters of the Grape thy breasts shall be,
Smell of thy nose like apples unto mee.
9 The pallat of thy mouth like sweetest wine,
Prepar'd and fit for this belov'd of mine.
Such wine as forceth by pure influence,
Those fast asleep to shew their eloquence.
10. My well belov'd is mine, mine wholly is;
I in like manner totally am his.
11 Into the fields, belov'd, let's hast amain,
And in the villages let us remaine.
12 Let's early rise and to the Vine-yards hie,
There to behold the Vines plosperity:
Whether the root its tender vine doth nourish,
Or Vines yeeld Grapes, or if Pomegranat flourish:
And there, even there thou shalt most certain prove,
That I will freely give to thee my love.
13 The Mandrakes, O belov'd, I send forth a smel,
Within our Gates are all things that excell;
All fruits both new and old, and best approved
I have layd up for thee my best beloved.

Argument.

Argument. Chap: 8.

The Church her love, and fervent inflamation
To Christ: and of the Gentiles true vocation:
The Church here longs, nor can she brook delayes,
She daily for Christs sacred coming prayes.

1 O would thou were like my native brother,
Who suckt the breasts of my most loving mother:
When I without should find thee would I meet thee,
And would most kindly with my kisses greet thee:
With kindest greeting that might be devised,
I would salute, and yet not be despised. (thee
2 Then would I bring, & forthwith would conduct
Into my mothers house who would instruct mee,
Where thou shouldst drinke wine (of such influence)
Of my pomegranats, spiced Quintescence.
3 Under my head his left hand should he place,
And with his right should kindly mee embrace.
4 I charge you daughters of Jerusalem, 3.ch.5
Even by the Roes, the Hinds, and all of them,
You do not stirre, nor once my love dis-ease,
Nor yet presume t'awake him till he please.
5 Who is this now comes leaning (pray confesse)
On her beloved from the wilderness?
By mine endeavours I have raised thee
From underneath the fruitfull apple tree;
There that deare mother that conceived thee
Did bring thee forth: (a blessed progenie.)

6 O thou my love, ſee thou do not forget mee
In heart, on arme there like a ſignet ſet mee:
For love is ſtrong as death, and jealouſie
Is to the grave moſt like for cruelty:
Th'are coales of fire, which iſſue from the ſame,
which do afford an hot and vehement flame.

7 Much water cannot quench lov's inflamation,
Nor can floods drowne it with their inundation:
Though man would give his whole eſtate for love,
It would nought but contempt and hatred move.

8 We have a ſiſter, but thoſe ſprings be dry,
Which fed yong babes, & ſtill them when they cry;
What ſhall wee for our little ſiſter do,
When for her ſhall be ſuit and ſeeking to.

9 If that ſhe be a wall without defect,
On her a ſilver pallace wee'l erect:
If that a doore ſhe be we thus diſpoſe her,
Only with boards of Cedar to incloſe her.

10 I was a wall with breaſts like towers bright,
Then was I one found favour in his ſight.

11 At Baal-hamon was a vineyard large,
Which *Solomon* to keepers gave in charge;
Each did a thouſand ſilver pieces bring
For fruit thereof unto the royall King.

12 'Tis neere at hand the vineyard which is mine:
(O *Solomon*) a thouſand muſt be thine:
For ſuch as keep the fruit we will prepare
(A portion fit) two hundred for their ſhare.

13 All

13 All the companions to thy voyce give eare:
O thou that in the gardens doſt appeare,
And dwell: O therefore let my ſoule rejoyce,
Cauſe mee likewiſe to heare that bleſſed voyce:
14 Make haſt belov'd, like ſome yong hart or Roe,
Which do upon the ſpiced mountaines goe.

The

The Song of Moses. *Deut.* 32.

And they sung the Song of Moses, *and the Song of the Lamb.* Revel. 15. 3.

1 GIve eare a while you heavens high
To that I have in hand,
Thou earth below thy self apply
My words to understand.
2 As bigger raine from clouds doth fall
My speech powre out I will,
And as the drops of dew so small,
So shall my words distill.
3 As gentle raine, that glads the flowers
which plesant Garden yeelds;
And as the stronger streames of showers,
Which wash the Grass, in Fields;
The matter which I shall record,
Is great *Jehovah's* name,
Give Glory therefore, to the Lord
By listning to the same.
4 The most strong God hath perfected
His workes, which shew his might,
And all his wayes are ordered
By Judgment, and by Right:
In word so faithfull him account,
As workes do shew him strong;
As he in Judgment doth surmount,
So far is he from wrong:

5 Its

5 Its of themselves that they be bad
Who spilt themselves with Sin,
A Bastard brood, and Nation mad,
Not sonnes, nor ought of kinn.
6 Is this the thanks, O folk unwise,
You for your God prepar'd,
Ye foolish men, is this your guise,
Your Lord thus to reward:
What, is he not thy Father dear,
Who thee most dearly bought,
Who made thee of his mercy meer,
And faishion'd thee of nought?
7 The day's forepast remember well,
Time's gone to mind recall,
Ask Grand-syres old, and they will tell,
And aged Fathers all.
8 The highest God when he of old
Gave Nations each their share,
Alotting *Adam's* Sonnes to hold
Their Portions as they are:
The Borders of the People he
Appointed out to lie,
As numbred now the issues be
Of *Jacobs* Progenie.
9 *Jehovahs* portion is his stock
That chose he for his own,
His Lot is fell in *Jacobs* Flocks
His Heritage alone.
10 In midst of wastfull Wilderness,
He there forlorn him found,

In place of dolefull barrenness,
A roaring fruitless ground:
He led him like a skilful guide,
And taught him carefully,
And from all perill did him hide,
As apple of his Eye.
12 As Eagle moves her birds to fly,
By fluttering ore her nest,
Shoots out her wing, lifts up on high
Her brood she bears to rest;
12 Even so the Lord, and none beside
Jehovah he alone
Led him about, and other guide
Or God with him was none:
13 He bare him to the highest hills
To eat the fruits in field,
And suck the hony which distills
From stone, and Oyle Rocks yeeld.
14 To feed on butter of the Kine,
And Milk of fruitfull Sheep:
Fat Lambs, and Rams, and Kids which clime
on *Bashan* hill, so steep:
The grains of purest Wheat for bread,
He him alow'd to have:
The Grape's sweet bloud, and liquor red
For drink to him he gave.
15 But he full fed, began to kick
With heel, and spurn full hard,
So gross thou art, and brawnd so thick,
And laded so with lard:

Eft ſoon therefore did he forſake
The God which life him gave.
And of the Lord no count did make
Who him from death did ſave.
16 They him provok'd to jelouſie
With gods of Nations ſtrange;
And did through their idolatrie
His love to hatred change,
17 They ſerv'd ſuch gods they never knew,
Not gods but fiends they were,
A ſort of ſtart up gods and new,
Whom Fathers did not feare.
18 The mighty Lord thou haſt forgot,
Who thee of love begate,
And thou thy god remembreſt not,
Whoſe hand did thee create.
19 The Lord was angry for to ſee
His children to offend:
20 From them my face I will (ſaid hee)
Turne back, and ſee their end:
For ſure a froward nation,
And overthwart they are,
A Faithleſſe generation
From truth removed far.
21 With that which is not God, they mee
Provoke to Jealouſie,
Me to diſpleaſe in love they be
With every vanity.
To Jealouſie I will them move
By men not great nor gay,

I mean their patience for to prove
By ſome as mad as they.
22 For fire is kindled in my fume,
Which burnes to hel's deep pit,
The earths increaſe for to conſume
And mountain roots with it.
23 My plagues on them I will beſtow,
Mine arrows I will ſpend.
24 My wrath by hunger ſome ſhall know,
By heat ſhall others end.
A bitter plague appoint I ſhall
With teeth of beaſt to teare:
The ſerpents which in duſt do crawle
For them their ſtings ſhall beare.
25 The ſword without ſhall overtwrow
In chambers fear ſhall ſlay
Young men, young maids, babes, him alſo,
Whoſe head for age is gray.
26 I ſaid I ſure would havock make,
And ſcatter them abroad,
So that their names ſhould quite forſake
The place of their aboad.
27 But that I fear their foes fell band,
Would boaſt and brag it out,
And ſay it was our mighty hand,
That brought this work about.
28 A nation ſenſleſs ſure are they,
No whit for to amend.
29 For were they wiſe, then would they (weigh,
And marke their latter end.

30 How ſhould one man a thouſand chaſe,
And two ten thouſand foyle,
Except their God drew back his Grace,
And ſold them to the ſpoule.
31 For with our God, their Gods no whit
Are once to be compar'd:
No though our deadlieſt foes ſhould ſit
The Judgment to award.
32 Their grapes, are grapes of bitter gall,
Their clu[illegible] cruell death,
33 Their wine, they Dragons venome call,
And Aſpes moſt deadly breath.
34 And is not this repos'd in ſtore,
And treaſur'd up with me:
Yea ſealed ſure with many more,
So ſure as ſure can be.
35 Revenge, and recompence mine are,
Their foot in time ſhall ſlide,
Their day of ruine is not far,
Their Judgment ſtays no bide.
39 Yet God ſhall for his folk repent,
And Judg their cauſe alone
When as their ſtrength, and power is ſpent,
And all their hope is gone.
37 When once he may begin to ſay,
Where now is all their boaſt,
Where are thoſe Gods which were their ſtay
On whom they truſted moſt.
38 Which ate their ſacrificed fat,
And drank their offred wine:

Let

Let them arise up, and help, for that
They need no help of mine.
39 No God besides me, can be found,
Behold I, I am he,
I kill, I save, I heale, I wound,
None, none can hide from me.
40 Mine hand to Heaven up I stretch,
And swear, I live for [illegible]
41 My glittering s[illegible]
And whet, I hom[illegible]
I once on Judgment [illegible]
My wrath on foes shall [illegible]
Mine haters then shall understand,
I can regard them all.
42 My shafts I shall make drunk in blood,
My sword shall flesh devour,
On slain and spar'd when I think good
My wrath on them to powre.
43 Ye Nations with his Church him praise,
For you it will be good:
For sure it is he will alwaies
Avenge his servants blood.
His enemies shall feel his hand
In vengeance more and more,
But for his people, and his land
He mercy hath in store.

FINIS.